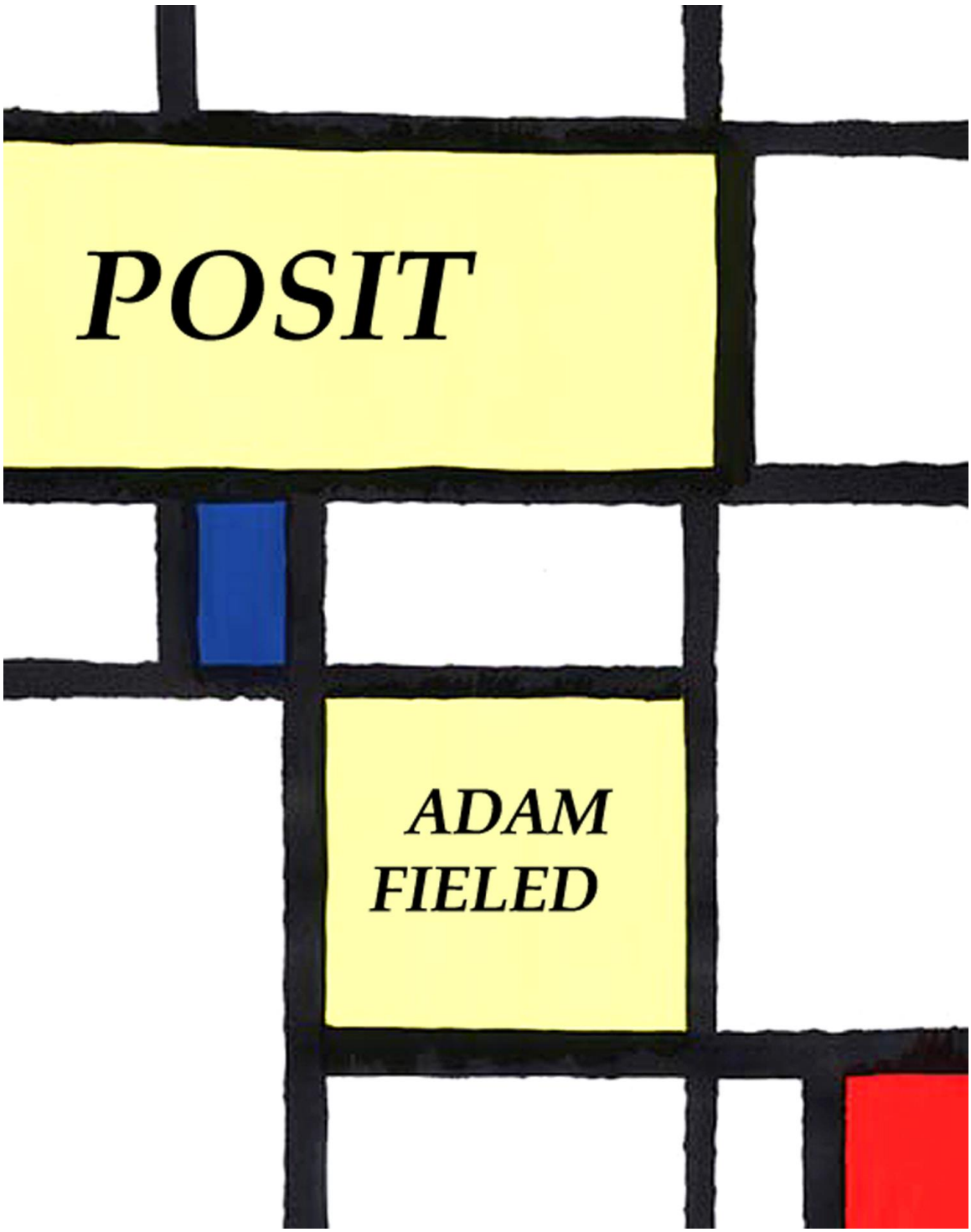

POSIT
ADAM
FIELED

Posit Preface

Posit, released as a Dusie chap in June 2007, was my first print publication. Most of the Posit poems had been written in the winter months which joined 2006 and 2007. It was my first year as a University Fellow at Temple University in Philadelphia, and a Fellowship year— I didn't have to teach. In the fall of 2006, I had done a graduate workshop with Rachel Blau DuPlessis. She called her own work "post-Objectivist"— a continuation of the investigative interrogation of textual subjectivity by poets like George Oppen and Carl Rakosi (who called themselves Objectivists), with a slant towards feminism and a bias towards Deconstructionist literary theory. Rachel was heavily critical of any first person sensibility, expressed in poetic language, which didn't take the time to investigate and interrogate its own efficacy. The belief that language could only be justified "qua language," rather than language opening a transparent window on whatever a naïve subject desires you (as reader) to see (this thought-circuit is a lift from Derrida) was one Rachel carried through all her writing and reading tasks. I was thirty, and just beginning to publish seriously— I couldn't help but be influenced.

The mood I caught, while composing the Posit poems that winter, was a congeries of this influence with other contingent factors— my first trip to Chicago in December '06 (memorialized in Illinois Sky), the spookiness of West Philadelphia and the Eris Temple (Le Chat Noir), and even the perceived contemporary relevance of Greek myth (Eyeballs). I separated myself from Rachel's formulations by maintaining a narrative voice— without a narrative voice, what animates poetry to begin with? Rachel's own work suffered heavily from lack of a strong narrative voice— even more from the notion that narrative itself was (and even could be) outdated and outmoded. Rachel, for some reason, associated narrative with the nineteenth century— but the truer association is more thoroughgoing, i.e. poetic language is impossible (utterly so) without narrative, for words following words to create narrative is what creates the effect of symbol and art, always. Poetry sans narrative struck me as a gimmick, and still does. Rachel and her compeers did betray a weakness for gimmick, which compromised their self-praised idealism.

In any case, Posi" did not disavow narrative cohesion, nor did it fall prey to gimmick-mongering. The cohesion of the chapbook as a gestalt is loosely themed around not only an interrogation but a celebration of the poetic "I," not relying on the disjunctures and ellipses which were trendy in 2007, but on sensual objective correlatives (Illinois Sky, Le Chat Noir, Eyeballs, Dracula's Bride) and formal experiments which combined disjunctures with straightforward narrative (Posit, Come to the Point, Day Song). The theoretical gist of Posit is this— mixing the tenets of Deconstructionism with poetic language is richest and most rewarding if, amidst the ellipses and disjunctures, poetic language is allowed to be itself— to carry, not only narrative and voice, but sensuality, imagery, simile/metaphor, and intimations of profound emotion. If all the constituent elements which form the backbone of poetic language are lost, what's left is a mere husk— and American avant-garde poetry, for the second half of century XX and into century XXI, is largely a congeries of husks, hollow spaces and impoverished waste lands. Posit is meant to represent the initiation of a new, rich strain of American poetry— and its influence has been felt. AF, 2013

Posit

I want
but that's
nothing new.

I posit
no boundary
between us.

I say you,
I know you,
I think so.

I know
what world
is worldly.

I know
how death
stays alive.

I never
enter third
person places.

I could
go on
forever.

Come to the Point

I am that I
that stations metaphor
on a boat to
be carried across.
that makes little
songs on banisters,
which are slipped down.
that slips down
antique devices,
china cutlery & white.
I am coming to
the point. I am
come to the point.
I am that I.

Day Song

& this reflexivity, right now: how it bounds.
how we are the sum total of our limitations.
we catch glimpses. what's in the catching.
what's beyond, behind, between: purple fear.
bodies randomly chosen, for different reasons.
dreams of form. charades. too bad, but
always the knowledge, if we are lucky, of
scattered constellations in the world. chewable.
fragments. progress. only in patches. must. do.

Illinois Sky

One could sink upwards into
    it, lose brown earthy stains.
Conglomerated air-pockets,

tucked into figments, wide
    enough to lend temporality
sense, day's square progress.

This I don't know about, this
    feeling, expanse contracted,
sex impulse etherealized, I

can't see this w former eyes.
    It is, after all, a doorstep,
just me entering me again—

cream purse, vulval sheen.

Lars Palm Dream

I was skulking in
a dorm room with
Lars Palm, who
was chucking
lobsters. A yellow

globule tried to
get our goat; a wall
started talking.
Lars was furious.
Some girls were

involved with us,
as junk piled up.
Lars threw a
lobster at the
yellow globule,

roaring. It was
a pivotal moment—
bare walls. Rubbish
heap. Fucked
globules. We left.

Eyeballs

They sent a maid
to clean Jocasta's

chamber, a stout
ex-maenad, still

full of wine. She
happened upon

the two eyeballs
of Oedipus, doused

with blood, beneath
Jocasta's dangling

feet. They were
smooth, tender

as grapes. She
pocketed them.

They became play-
things for her cats.

Perhaps there is
use for everything,

she thought, raising
a glass to her lips;

and if I am a thief,
who will accuse me?

Rowdy Dream

I was slumming @
Andrew Lundwall's.
There was a demented
cook called Seana
w/ tortured ringlets.

There was a cooking
issue, a food problem.
I ate something.
I stayed on the fifth
floor, away from

rowdies on floors
two & three. My
Mom broke in,
spoke of better
food, more rowdies.

I wanted to be
more rowdy, left
floor five. Seana
spoke gibberish to
me in the kitchen.

I wasn't happy or
unhappy; I was in
the middle. All this
time Andrew Lundwall
sat on a throne on

floor one. I was
making my way
down there when
I awoke— no food.
I became rowdy.

To Bill Allegrezza, after reading *In the Weaver's Valley*

"I" must climb up
from a whirlpool
swirling down,
but sans belief
in signification.

"I" must say I
w/out knowing
how or why
this can happen
in language.

"I" must believe
in my own
existence,
droplets stopping
my mouth—

alone, derelict,
"I" must come back,
again, again,
'til this emptiness
is known, & shown.

Waiting for Dawn Ananda at Dirty Frank's

in the syntax of

my vodka-tonic,

& in the neon

smoke-rings

kisses hang

before breezes

Le Chat Noir

I pressed a frozen face
forward into an alley off
of Cedar St., herb blowing
bubbles (am I too high?) in

melting head I walked &
it was freezing & I walked
freezing into pitch (where's
the) blackness around a

cat leapt out & I almost
collapsed a black cat I
was panting & I almost
collapsed I swear from

the cold but look a cat
a black cat *le chat noir* oh no

Girl with a Cigarette, Modern Painters cover, January ‘07

You don’t mean it, do you? You
don’t know that the blue around
yr pupils is sky in a vice, that your
fingers are too complicated.

Nothing shows you that shadows
over yr neck do not account for
over-delicacy, that shoulders
simply squared reveal damaged

breast-matter. You smoke, not
knowing. You take a drag, too
picture-esque. Your pose is a
pose, your cheekbones simply ash.

10:15 Saturday Night

then like how bout we give this
thing a chance or at least not bury it
beneath a dense layer of this could
be anyone, we could be anyone,
anyone could be doing this, just
another routine, another way of
saying hello, & goodbye just

around the corner like a dull
dawn layered thick in creamy
clouds, ejaculations spent

Jessica Smith Dream

Jessica Smith was a corpse
on a bed on a screen in front
of me. She lay in darkness
w an obscure head. I touched

the screen— it grew red. I
touched her head on the screen
& she was alive again, &
blonde. I stepped back from

the screen, hearing her
breathing. I felt as if I had
performed an exorcism—
this was holy water. I shook

through the whole thing.

Dracula's Bride

I married into blood &
broken necks, endless
anemic privation, but

no regret. You see,
hunger fills me. I like
vampire hours (no

sleep), a blood-vessel
pay-check, diabolical
companionship, tag-team

seductions, guileless
maidens about to
be drunk.

We know what sweetness
is in starvation. We've
found, satiety

is death's approval stamp.
If you crave, there is
room left in you. If

you want, you are a
work-in-progress—
being finished is

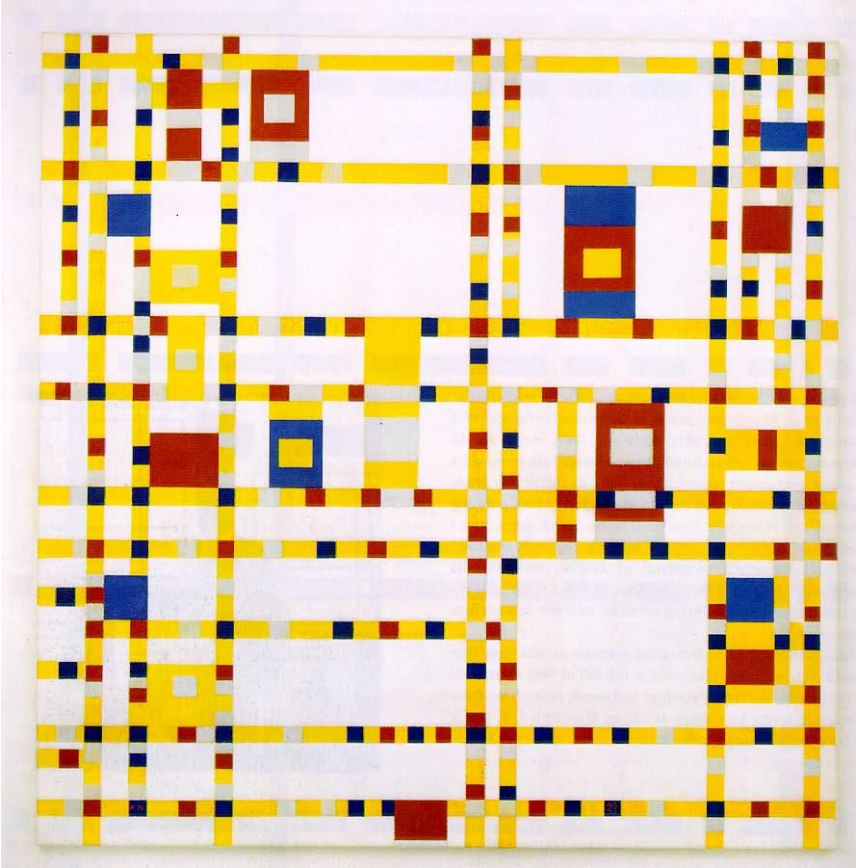
a cadaver's province.
Better to suck
whatever comes.

* a dusi/e-chap
www.dusie.org

DUSIE

Adam Fieled

“Deposit”



Preface

"Posit," released in 2007, was undergirded by certain assumptions regarding the feasibility and desirability of a renascence to first-person singular perspectives in avant-garde poetry. It was an attempt to build a new kind of poetic "I," self-aware of its textual subsistence, mindful of deconstruction's lessons and expressively scrupulous as a result. In 2007, such things still seemed possible. As of 2013, a terrible entropy has overtaken America, America's populace, and the entire West. Economic conditions, particularly the cost of health insurance, have created a melee in which depopulation and rampant poverty are de rigueur; and the American media can only intermittently be truthful about this. In short, 2013 is an American holocaust. In such conditions, poetic subjectivity, if buoyed by a sense of social responsibility, cannot afford to be complacent. The Book of Changes has a chapter devoted to "stripping back"— and what "Deposit" aims to do is to strip back the cautious but obvious optimism of "Posit" towards a more timely appraisal of the possibilities, latent and manifest, of poetic subjectivity.

Adam Fieled, 8-23-13

Deposit

To build
an I
is to see it

rust, stripped
down into
pluralities,

so that I
write against
my own

evanescence—
dissolutions which
don't allow

palimpsests—
trees sans
bark, molting

of interiors—
now, time
future can

only reverse
currents, enact
withdrawal of

the phallus from
fun, friction. To
build an I

is to decoy
it underground,
after fashions.

The Point, Made

Seeds left, softening, somnolence,
sleep in/beneath a patina of silt,
salt waves heave above— slow,
life lived in burrowing downwards—
de-centered into diaspora, a sense
(subtly, oil-slicked) of knowing how
self has/maintains few points of
coherence along the myriad veins of
interior time— interiors sans cohesion,
diabolical densities against coherence,
beneath vertical turtles bound to their shells—
dropped seeds crawl as they will.

Night Song

& what goes out, remains out. diminution
determines. expanses opened by destruction.
contractions towards space-birth. a going-off
in all directions. gloriously center-free. aligned
with arbitrary, arbitrations. moments to air-
puncture. aggressive pursuit of time past.
to strip back as bark. roots just left as
roots in the ground. immobile as pure
objects, taking off subjects ad infinitum.
the rhythm— no one listens. remains composed.

Manayunk Sky

Facades on Main Street have a lift
towards it, but the Manayunk sky
isn't there, a mirage, a conglomeration

of spent wishes for a better human future
which can never be lived in the blackened
glare of well-trodden pavement. Its

expanse argues loudly for the subaltern
and its accessibility, a superior up
is down, a superior blue is black,

a superior open is packed tight
into a closed linearity, night's deep
recess. Now, I take the trouble

to interrogate pavement, which
can only deny truths of not-surface, hotly.

To Augustine, after reading his "Confessions"

If you really did find
something or someone
immutable, freed from
torturous progress, I
can't say I don't believe—

If you came to rest
apart from the unworkable
aligned profoundly with
profundity's alignment,
congrats from a still point—

If I seem cynical,
catching your desperation
as tides confounded you,
I at least know your death,
its heft, text, all plumbed

by me, or someone else.

Waiting for Dawn Ananda at the Bean Café

To have to play a hand

(shall I ever get a hand in?)

poker gives you five fingers—

yet I catch in the South St. air

ten fingers or a spider's eight legs,

immobilized behind a dense space—

10: 30 Saturday Night

You see it (the word) all over the old
stuff, "satiety," never think what it
means until you get it, the entire
package, and it still can't mean much
because she's a repository for bad
vibes, evil impulses, like ghosts of
old movies, and in her mind it's
always a scene for her to play,
especially now that the deed is
done, against the grain, not a sin

merely a circumstance, but heroism
which could be (telling the truth
now the truth's against me) is
subsumed by the anonymity of
sports bras not decoyed in darkness—

Decoy Dream

You were one of the twelve
of you doing what you were
doing; promised a part in
a Communist parade, a five
year contract to be who you
were against eleven imposters—
I saw you on South St. on
my thirty-sixth birthday,
you had pigtails, and as you
lied to the barrista about
working at Condom Kingdom
(for seven years), I remembered
Loren Hunt on the floor of
Gleaner's bathroom on mescaline—

Decoy Dream II

I was sitting outside Westminster
Arch smoking a butt in the February
chill, when you passed me (you can't

see in movies how your ears stick out,
how tall you are, or that the jet-black
mop on your head is cut short), stood

in the doorway with something wistful
in your posture, as if I'd killed you,
buried the chance that your endless

decoy vigil could end; in other words,
I was putting you down. In truth, I was.

Absinthe

Situations which, to face properly, you
might want to experience a floating
sensation (as though you'd hit the ceiling)—

they've closed the Eris Temple on 52nd
and Cedar; if there were (as has been
suggested) corpses beneath the floor-

boards I didn't see them, nor did I notice
the imposed regime change five years ago
and, yes, I would've cared, but then I

remember, this is Philly, heavy on inversions
and abasements, situations you can and
cannot float over, and the syrup poured

over your efforts takes back what it gives,
towards justice, balance, deathly intoxication—

Orpheus

Why maenads
torment Orpheus

is that his songs
need to be sung

to attentive audiences,
not little rapists—

he's always on
the run these days,

maenads hunt him
down, unwind his

parts, so that he's
too loose, a ball

of rubber, who
can't front, body

public, seed
so much in the

street that he's
more urchin

than artist,
they dice up his

babies, it's a never
ending cycle, yet

he keeps his
lyre in tune,

because (he thinks)
who knows, he's

learned not to look
back, and raps

don't reach him anymore—

To Courtney (Double Entendre)

yes, the family wanted me dead,
but I killed you off none the
less, just as the Asians predicted
(Dragon born in a snow-storm),
& the picture remains filed away,

as do your years of rowdiness,
the child that you were, & killed,
leaving "double entendre" in my
hands, driving my cart/plough
over dead bones, knowing

our marriage of heaven & hell—

Dracula

Few know: Augustine and I
had a life as twins,
we each dealt with

temporal successiveness,
he had his way, I mine—
I forever remain closer

to the immutable than he—
a clod of earth, weaned
on the richness of blood,

which makes me more
subterranean than you can
even see, a gliding,

velvet-suave underground,
confessing nothing,
finding "sin" fraudulent

in circumstance, a multi-tiered
universe as scabrous
at the top as at the bottom—

my rhetoric aims, still, at
Augustine, for he (also) is
immense, and has his

immensity against me
somewhere secret, private,
his dark Carpathians,

inaccessible to a mere clod,
a covetous one.